

*11/ Poetical  
Miscellaneous  
Tracts*

P U T T:

A MOCK-HEROIC

P O E M.

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INSCRIBED TO

Mrs. L E W I N,

O F

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P U T T

A MOCK-HERO

P O E M

Mrs. I. W. I. M.



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LONDON  
[Faint, illegible text]

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MADAM,

THIS little Piece, humbly offered for your Perusal, scarce deserves your Acceptance or Patronage. It is a Mock-Heroic Ditty on the Game of PUTT, in return for your CASINO. The Sublimity of Thought, animated Descriptions, noble Flights of Fancy, Depth of Judgement, Elegance of Diction, and true Poetic Fire are much the same in both.

In my Allusions, I boast of no Prophaneness, nor bordering on Blasphemy—and should never have thought of introducing good old Abraham, had not your Author made too free with and shewn his Ignorance of the Predilection of the Jews. Such as it is, being written by Command of Higher Powers, I send you for your Amusement, not for your Instruction, as I cannot presume you to be ignorant of so refined and fashionable a Game. I mean it for a little Mirth and Fun to begin Christmas. It can do no Harm, if it does no Good. Only laugh at it and the End is answered.

I have the Honor to be,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

Dec. 12, 1792.

A FISHERMAN.



## ABSTRACT

and of which I have no doubt

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There is a very

A. FISHERMAN.



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# PUTT.

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**I**NSPIRE my strains, ye Muses that impart  
The chaste amusements of the gaming art.  
Cards are my theme. Not Whist I dare to sing—  
Nor grave CASINO, new-invented thing.  
A putter game, with lively mirth is mine,  
Whose winning numbers answer to the Nine!  
No Kings, no Queens, no Knaves are seen to strut,  
In grave precedency, at humble PUTT!  
Three cards complete my game, and One, Two,  
Three  
Are conqu'ring numbers, rising in degree.  
Thrice Three wins all—the mirthful Triple-Trine  
Bespeaks the game—the fav'rite of the Nine.

Tho' oft the purse, yet PUTT no memory strains,  
 Nor stupid Silence asks, nor racks the Brains !  
 When winning numbers fail us, then the Front,  
 Like Widows' Courtships, may make something on't !  
 With bold assurance oft the prize you take  
 When modest Merit dreads to risk the stake.  
 Emblem of life; you see Bravadoes gain  
 For what true Virtue strives, but strives in vain.  
 Cribbage, Quadrille and Whist are common games,  
 Sung by great poets, play'd by greater names ;  
 But foreign, far-fetch'd, just-arriv'd CASINO,  
 Here, on the banks of Ichin, how should we know?  
 It's lofty songster may be higher in fame,  
 But comes into the world without a name,  
 With airs didactic, gives a general rule,  
 But, while he plays CASINO, plays the fool ;  
 Full of exceptions, wastes your pains and time,  
 And vainly imitates great HOYLE in rhyme.  
 Such flights, the Muse complains, but ill become her,  
 Go, write another Iliad after HOMER !



Hear him compare (his meed the scorpion rod)  
 The whims of fancy to the will of God. *thou*  
 Why He the Jews preferr'd, wretch, would'ft know,  
 Stranger to hist'ry, to thy Bible go.  
 The Patriarch's \* virtue was the reason given  
 By that far greater Power that rules in Heaven.  
 When low and gambling subjects court thy rhyme  
 In limping lines, why aim at the sublime?  
 Let rules of criticism guide thy pen,  
 Nor bring in gods to solve the whims of men †,  
 Lest on thy pate example should be made,  
 And Clubs correct thy reasoning on the Spade.  
 So much for censure, gravity apart,  
 Dull lines are far below the Critic's art.  
 On splendid subjects, when invention fails,  
 And diction flags, or reef or lower your sails,  
 Be humble then, like me, and learn to cut  
 And shuffle fairly when you play at PUTT;

\* Gen. xviii. 19.

† Nec Deus interfit, nisi nodus vindice dignus. Hor.



Nor venture more to give misleading rules  
 To baffle gamblers, and to puzzle fools.  
 Attend CASINO's votaries, while I name  
 Appendages that grace my humble game:  
 The stately Oak, that has for ages stood,  
 At once the pride and honor of the wood,  
 Whose strength and firmness guard its native land,  
 And Neptune's boist'rous element command,  
 The noble game of PUTT submits to rule  
 And give it grace and force with jointed-stool.  
 Descend we now the caverns of the earth,  
 Where Boles and Fossils all derive their birth,  
 Whose beds by rules of gravitation stood,  
 Rang'd in due order, ever since the flood,  
 These aid my game, nor can confusion balk  
 The winning score, when these afford us Chalk.  
 No costly wax, no tallow moulds we crave,  
 Simplicity alone expences save.  
 The light of farthing candle crowns our care,  
 Best suited to the soldier and the tar;

Saving, when honor'd with a higher grace,  
 PUTT is in vogue with Uniform and Lace,  
 When, fun and all œconomy away,  
 It makes a dreadful havoc with their pay.  
 Not so between decks, or with rank and file,  
 They play, they win, they lose, they drink, they smile,  
 They rarely stake beyond a can of booze,  
 Their betters see they've nothing else to lose.  
 Just so, when Cook and Boot-catch, at an inn,  
 Regardless whether cards are soil'd or clean,  
 What hostlers us'd, collected from the floor,  
 Spittled and thumb'd a thousand times before,  
 In sweet composure both sit down to play,  
 And thus forget the labours of the day.

We Sailors too, when storms and tempests cease,  
 Our watches ended, set us down in peace,  
 With cards, that servants from the wardroom glean,  
 Tho' dirty, serve us just as well as clean,  
 Regale at PUTT, secure from Boatswain hid,  
 We quaff our flip, and suck the juicy quid;



Nor envy cabin guests, with flowing bowl,  
 Their Whist, CASINO, or their Ladies' Hole\*.  
 Lest the young Bucks should run to gambling schools  
 To learn my game, read here the plainest rules:  
 Deal one and one, three cards complete the hand,  
 The first trick won, the winner cries, I stand,  
 Unless when cards are low, he yields his hand,  
 Then deals again: For twice he has his choice  
 Whether he gives you his decisive voice.  
 This is a rule for both—Two tricks in Three  
 Score One, *that* deal, till Nine completed be.

If you win One, and wish to save your score,  
 Unless with Deuce or Trè, ne'er venture more.  
 Tho' in the run of luck you think it hard  
 If vict'ry don't await a higher card,  
 Such as are King, Queen, Knave, to One, Two,  
 Three,  
 The next give place to others in degree.

\* Vulgarly called Whehee.



Tho' here, as oft in higher scenes is done,  
 The game of PUTT is by mere bullies won.  
 Tho' Kings and Queens have not the sole command,  
 Yet they in Rank and due Distinction stand,  
 With others join'd, they form the number Three—  
 The best Estates, like ours, to make us free.  
 Nor King, nor Lords, nor Commoners alone  
 Can act with force, unless they act in One.  
 May these together never act in vain,  
 And dare the threats of PRIESTLY and of PAINE.

Let no despotic Tyrants rule the roast,  
 Nor titled Knaves their Pow'r in Britain boast;  
 Only let Three Estates superior be  
 To give the world due Laws and Liberty.  
 Such Pow'r conjoin'd is best, whate'er the name,  
 And is, like PUTT, the safest, surest game.  
 Whate'er or PAINE or ROBESPIERRE may babble,  
 No equal Pow'r can issue from the Rabble.  
 Some must controul, and some subservient be,  
 And all subordinate in due degree.

On such a Base the British Realm hath stood,  
And such the Base of universal Good.

Long may my PUTT without a Rival stand,  
And grace the Sailor and the Soldier's hand,  
With them we'll fight, with them we'll all endeavor  
That PUTT, King, Lords, and Commons live for  
ever.



F I N I S.

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E R R A T A.

Page 6, line 13, *for* higher, *read* high  
 ——— line 19, *for* becomes, *read* become  
 Page 7, line 3, *for* would'ft know, *read* would'ft thou know